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Baccalaureate Sermon

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June 20, 1920

By

DR. ANDREAS BARD

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A Sermon Preached at the Strand Theatre, Birmingham, Alabama, January 11, 1920.

By

Rev. Andreas Bard, D. D.

Pastor of the First Lutheran Church, 3800 Troost Avenue, Kansas City, Missouri.

With compliments of Frans E. Lindquist, Attorney-at-Law, Commissioner of Kansas and Minnesota, 734 New York Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Note—For particulars about Dr. Bard's published sermons, poems and lectures address The Lutheran Literary Board, Burlington, Iowa.

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WHO WINS THE RACE?

Text: "WHEREFORE SEEING WE ARE COMPASSED ABOUT WITH SO GREAT A CLOUD OF WITNESSES, LET US LAY ASIDE EVERY WEIGHT AND THE SIN WHICH DOES SO EASILY BESET US, AND LET US RUN THE RACE THAT IS SET BEFORE US, LOOKING UNTO JESUS." Hebrews 12:1-2.

Paul was strictly up-to-date. He "let the dead bury the dead" and preached to the living. No pious platitudes for him! His discourse did not die of dignity. He was a real fisher of men. He threw out his nets and was bound to get a good haul, even if he had to stand knee deep in mud and wade barefoot over the gravelly ground.

He had one grand passion: Christ, one purpose of life; to evangelize the world. Look out for the man who has both a passion and a purpose. He is an irresistible force!

There is no pious palaver in our text. Language clear as a crystal, pictures that haunt the memory. In those days people would crowd into the arena and watch the races. The sport was as popular as baseball is today. This is the reason why Paul uses it. If he lived today he would tell us something about wars and Wall Street, about ballots and bullets, about commerce and current events. He would

talk like "folks" and not like a professional parson.

Life is a race track. The boys are lined up on the speedway. Put the right foot forward! Breathe deep! Are you ready? One, two, three! Off they fly in a cloud of dust. Who will win? One stumbles and falls. One is just overtaken. Here they come. Look at this one in the lead! Hail to the victor; Throw down your garlands! Carry him through the city in triumphal procession! Paul sees this clearly. The picture impresses him. He thinks of life and its meaning. "Let us run the race that is set before us!"

And what a race life is! "Soon cut off, and we fly away," says Moses.

"Leaves have their time to fall
And flowers to wither at the autumn's breath,
And stars to set, but all—
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O death!"

Where are the friends of the long ago, the familiar faces, the genial companions of yesterday? O for the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still! Silent dust once effulgent with light and love! Life is a stream that madly rushes onward. The child of today is the grandsire of tomorrow. O that I might throw my hands into the spokes of the wheel and stop it! 'Tis all in vain. Close together stand cradle and grave. Locks of grey mingle with locks of gold. Surely life is as swift as a race. Right you are, Brother Paul! Our chance is brief. A streak of lightning amid the

dark clouds of two eternities. What we wish to do, we must do quickly. Let us run the race that is set before us!

A race means rivalry. Where one wins, scores of runners will lose. This is an unpleasant thought. The world shuns it. We talk of the successful man. We ignore the brother who failed. Only the All-Seeing Eye can see the vast multitude who fell in the struggle. Hearts broken, ambitions wrecked, fortunes lost, strength failing. Seeing the millions who are overcome by the effort, discouraged by weakness, fatigued and fallen, Paul bids them arise and try again. This is a race where all may win!

"Looking unto Jesus!" He had not where to lay his head, but God gave him a crown of glory. He trembled at Gethesmane, but drank the cup and went on. He broke down beneath the cross, yet climbed the hill where he was crucified. Should not discouraged souls, suffering in solitude and silence, look unto Jesus and revive their strength?

O well for the Italian navigator who standing on the prow of the Santa Maria discerned the first, faint outlines of the promised land! O well for the Hellenes who staggering through the desert's dust were cheered by the sight of the deep, blue sea! Blessed the Christian who, running the race of life, has his eye fixed upon the goal. It is not the grave, it is God! "Looking unto Jesus."

Peter had this vision and emerged from the waves that threatened to wash him down. Magdalene had the vision and like a perishing flower climbed toward the sunlight. Joan D'Arc had the vision and

amid the towering flames cried: "Jesus, Jesus." Let cynics sneer and mockers howl. Blessed are they who, looking toward the goal, are looking unto Jesus! No incentive to run and to struggle to reach a black hole. Christianity, says Lecky, has given us not only a great ideal, but an incentive to reach it. "Looking unto Jesus."

I enter the crowded arena. Thousands of hearts thrilled by excitement. Anxious eyes, feverish pulses, expectant multitudes. "Seeing we are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses."

Do you recognize any? Just before starting, the young athletes look up. They want inspiration. Where is George and John and Fred who said they would come to see me win? Here they are. They wave their hands, they cheer, they salute. What a power love is! Like an invisible cord a mother's affection holds her boy as he walks along to abyss of vice. It's a young man now who stands in the arena, ready for the race. But once he was a little boy. As he sees the white hair of his dear mother, his mind traverses the years and he remembers the delicate hand that blessed him as he fell asleep, the simple, beautiful prayer that followed him into his dreams. But what shall we say of the orphan who never felt upon his brow the kiss of a mother's lips? Who has ever been deprived of this sacred incentive and inspiration to noble effort and courageous struggle? Handicapped in the race! A poor start in life! If your mother still lives and loves, thank God for that! She watches the race. Her eyes are moist with tears. Gladly she would lay herself

down to die, if you would win! "Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

And our friends. It was a dark moment when Lear stepped out into the wilderness to battle against the storm. His friends had left him, his daughters betrayed him. It was night when Judas, friendless, looked for a rope to finish his unhappy race. Pitiful the struggle without friends. Once in a while a poor, ragged creature appears in the court room, quickly sent to jail, because he had no friend. Rather he should be forgiven, for how much easier it is to do right when our friends urge us on, than to battle against the fiats of Fate alone! We have a "Society for the Friendless." What a commentary on the church of Christ that the organization of such a society has become necessary! Has the temple of the loving Jesus ceased to be a society for the friendless?

Once more the young man looks up to the gallery, but this time he scowls. His eye has met another eye, the eye of his enemy. Woe to the man who has no enemy! Moses had enemies, so did Elijah. Christ, Paul, Savonarola, Luther, Lincoln—all real men had enemies. If you are a ninny or a nincompoop, you will glide smoothly along, but if you stand for a principle, you must expect to be hated. To do nothing, to say nothing and to be nothing is an excellent recipe for avoiding criticism. Better burn it! Of some of the noblest men it has been said: "I loved him for the enemies he made." While the enemies **abuse** you, you can **use** them. Make them stepping stones. Learn from their criticisms. They

would rejoice in your failure. This is a fine reason, why we should make a success. Don't give hell a chance to laugh. We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses.

The desert is full of vultures. The sky may be blue and clear, but let the camel drop exhausted and the buzzards come swooping down. It is the nature of these birds to feast on carcasses, but what shall we say of men and women, sometimes called "Christian," who like vultures prey on their fallen brothers? Hyenas of the battle field stripping the slain? Blessed is the man who can change thorns into roses and gather grapes of thistles! Look up, young man, and defy your enemies. Run the race that is set before thee! Run and win and turn their sneers into howls. "Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

Again Paul observes the race and notices that every one of the contestants are stripped naked. They carry no dumb-bells. No live fox under their belly band. Every weight means a handicap.

Can we win the race, if we are slaves of drugs or dope or drink? Oscar Wilde had a millstone about his neck and his star fell into utter darkness. Lord Byron had a magnificent start but never reached the goal. The rich, young ruler was borne down by the weight of riches. He had a golden chance of becoming a chosen disciple, but wealth clung to his soul and he stumbled.

But why should we see motes in our brother's eye, while there are beams in our own? "Let us lay aside every weight and the sin that so easily

besets us." Paul includes himself. He does not talk down to us. He is made of human stuff and wherever you find humanity, you find sin. Is it sensuality that clings to us and forms hobbles around the runner's feet? Is it greed, is it hypocrisy? Look into your heart and read its motto: "Self first, afterward comes me, and if there is anything left, I'll take it." Ah, if any man say, he has no sin, he deceiveth himself!

When a vessel was wrecked near the coast of Australia, the passengers leaped into the water and swam ashore. But a rich fellow fastened a belt with gold pieces around his waist and when he wanted to swim, the weight dragged him down. What profiteth it a man, though he gain the whole world and lose his soul? Figure it out for yourself. It's a poor investment. Shylock wanted to save his ducats and his daughter and lost both. Judas, when deprived of his Lord, could not even keep his loot.

Life is a race, the world an arena, our friends and foes the spectators and Jesus the goal! Shall we win or lose, fail or succeed? We are constantly told that there is no difference between Christians and other men, that religion is a negligible factor in the affairs of the world. But surely if thoughts have anything to do with actions, the follower of Christ has an infinite advantage. To infidelity man has his beginning in a bubble and ends in a blank. "Our yesterdays have lighted fools their way to dusky death." But St. Paul runs the race, inspired by cheering and jeering multitudes. Before him the Grand Ideal, the glorious goal, the Wonderful

Christ! Such thoughts are dynamos. They are surcharged with power.

We live in days when "wealth accumulates and men decay." We see the skyscraper but overlook the brain that built it. We admire riches and sneer at religion. We are creedless, but not greedless. We watch and pray, but spell pray with an "e." Even our thinkers have fallen into the materialistic cesspool and tell us that the universe is so vast that "little" man is mad to dream of immortality. "Bigness" and "littleness," ah, there's the rub! Christ saw the child, the cup of cold water, the mustard seed. He knew true values. The pomp of kings and the heraldry of war was naught to him. Behold the Temple of Solomon! Erected by the toil of experts, marvelous in its architectural splendor, famed throughout the world! Plutocrats enter to offer gold, merchants from the luxurious East to present their treasures. Here is a chance for sightseeing tourists. Let the Queen of Sheba bow to the masterpiece of the world. But Jesus looked elsewhere. His eye is fixed on an humble woman, crippled with age, clad in poverty. While the disciples grow dizzy looking at spire and turret, he says "behold this woman." Her soul is worth more than all the wonders carved by the hand of Pheidias. When every stone of the temple will have crumbled, her deathless spirit will ascend to the Infinite. She is a child of God.

What is the thing most needed in these piping days of prosperity and pomp? I'll answer your question. A recognition of those invisible forces which neither moth nor rust can corrupt, a true valuation of the human soul.

15220

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Faith The Foundation

Text: Luke 17:5. "Lord, Increase Our Faith!"

No quest, no conquest. This is an ancient motto. It is also the principle of a modern university. The farmer knows soil and seed, before he begins to plow. The sailor studies his chart before he ventures on untraveled seas. Desiring to make a success of life, we must know its isles of pleasure and its currents of pain; we must consult the compass. For human existence is like the wide and treacherous sea. There are hidden rocks of temptation, sandbanks of cynicism, dangers of destiny. It's a question whether we survive or perish. Like Ulysses of old we may touch the cave of the Cyclops, the isle of Calypso or the shore of the siren, before Ithaca calls us home. Of all the arts the art of living is the most complex and confusing. Few finish the journey without regrets. Oh, for the wisdom of old age added to the enthusiasm of youth! But God has willed otherwise. No pain, no gain! Through the storm to the stars! Aye, though I possessed the wisdom of Aristotle, the vision of Shakespeare, and the fiery eloquence of a Demosthenes, I should not expect to guard you against the pitfalls of life. One day of your personal experience will mean more to you than ten years of my ripened retrospective. After you have

been tossed about on the waves of chance and circumstance, you will look for the shore with a vision purified. Until then I bid you God-speed as you enter the dark labyrinth of human existence. Enter and slay the wild beasts that will block your path! Grope your way through the night! But before you proceed, accept the thread of Ariadne that will point the way to salvation! That thread is faith.

Naval commanders sail at times "under sealed orders." They receive a bundle of packages from headquarters before they start. These packages are dated. Every morning one is opened and the contents revealed. The admiral himself does not know his destination, until the rising sun permits him to receive information for the time being. His orders are sealed.

This is the finest illustration of life I know of. Paul says "we walk by faith." You cannot tell what the next hour has in store for you. During a famous play the leading actor recited the lines: "What are our purposes? Futile plans!" He had scarcely uttered the last word when he fell dead upon the stage. Those who deal with the future, are dealing with an unknown quantity. Tomorrow I shall either have victory or a tomb in Westminster Abbey, said Nelson before the battle of Trafalgar. Whether we shall win or lose, live or

die, succeed or fail, only God can tell. We walk by faith. Long before Paul expressed this truth, the wisest of mankind made a similar confession: "I am but a little child; I know not how to come in or go out." No greater truth Solomon ever uttered. Before the Congress of international scientists, DuBois Raymond made the clear declaration: "We know nothing and we shall know nothing." Thus Solomon, Paul and the modern scientist stand together on the platform of faith.

But if faith is like a light to the pilgrim, like a compass to the sailor, like a telescope to the astronomer, why do we hear so little about it? There is no word in the English tongue—not even love which has infinite flexibility in its evolution from Cleopatra to Eva Booth—so little understood, so persistently misinterpreted as this syllable – faith. The critics of Christianity besmirch it by calling it credulity. The friends of religion belittle it by confounding it with dogmatical assent. The American apostle of negation presents the picture of two men facing the judgment seat of God. One has lived an ideal life, but regrets that he cannot believe some stories in the Bible. The other is a scoundrel, but regrets that there are not more unbelievable tales of Scripture that he might prove his wonderful "faith." This is a sample of sophistry gone to seed! According to our infidel friend, the

Lord overlooks the scoundrel's crimes and invites him into heaven, because he believes in Jonah's whale The good man is sent to hell, because he has his doubts about Eve emerging from Adam's rib. This picture is so clearly a caricature of Christianity that it will cause you to smile. But the very fact that it has received nation-wide publicity proves its appeal to popular prejudice. Let us nail the lie in unmistakable terms! A man may believe the entire Bible from Genesis to Revelation and accept as true every record from Balaam's ass to the Gadarene swine and yet be a stranger to faith! The devil himself is well versed in the Scriptures, but if he had the saving faith, would he now be presiding in hades? On the other hand we endorse the words of Alfred Tennyson:

> "There is more faith in honest doubt,
> Believe me, than in half the creeds."

and the striking assertion of Frederick W. Robertson:

> "Some have not faith enough to know what doubt is."

Faith is common sense toward God. Whether it prays with the golden-locked child: "Now I lay me down to sleep; I ask the Lord my soul to keep," or appeals to the Infinite with the sublime simplicity of Cardinal Newman: "So long Thy power

has kept me; sure it still will lead me on"—in both cases it is the natural trust of the creature in the Creator, of man in his Maker! Thousands of years ago the rationality of faith was expressed by the Jewish patriarch who said: "Should not the Judge of all the earth do right?" In a similar vein the Master raises the question: "Who of you, being a father, when his child asks him for bread, will give him a stone?" Have you ever observed the sea-gulls that follow the ship across the sea? Being far from the shore, they are compelled to rest on the waves. Sometimes the billows rise heaven-high and the waters alternate in forming mountain and deep. The sight is sublime, majestic, terrifying. But the gulls are unafraid. They ride on the crest of the billow, vanish in the depth and again emerge o'er the stormful sea! Behold the fowl in the air and on the waters! They illustrate the philosophy of Moses: "Underneath are the everlasting arms!"

It is absurd to argue about the existence of God. Long before the advent of Christianity, Aristotle pointed the way to common sense: "If there were men whose habitations had always been underground and after some time the earth should open and they should quit their dark abode and behold the earth, the heavens and the sea, they would undoubtedly conclude that there is a God and that these are His mighty works!" It is because

we have grown calloused toward the grandeur of the universe, the golden path of the sun, the wondrous light of the stars, that our souls are blinded toward Him "in whom we live and move and have our being." Common sense will tell you that dumping a box of type out of the window will not cause the composition of "Hamlet." Nor is it thinkable that cosmos sprang out of chaos, thought out of matter, progress out of stagnation! "The heavens proclaim the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork!" It is possible that the mind by super-training and sophistries will get into that somnambulistic trance, called atheism, but common sense will ever exclaim with the poet:

> "There is no unbelief;
> Whoever lays a seed beneath the sod
> And waits to see it push away the clod,
> He trusts in God!"

I admit that God does some unexpected things. Voltaire lost faith in Him, because He permitted the Lisbon earthquake. Modern skeptics point to the war and say: "Why did not God prevent it?" Mark Twain speaks sneeringly of "a God who could make good children as easily as bad, yet prefers to make bad ones." But was not von Liebig right, when he exclaimed: "Gentle-

men, if the universe and our planet ever came to be governed by a wisdom no higher than we mortals are capable of understanding and mastering, then I would most fervently wish to be out of it and in a safer place." Was not Thomas Carlyle right, when he compared the skeptic to a "critic fly" which, seated on the roof of Westminster Abbey and rubbing its hindlegs, begins to philosophize on the plans of the architect? Voltaire and Mark Twain were brilliant men, but amid the shadows and mysteries of life, instead of denying my Creator, I choose to say with the disciples: "Lord, increase our faith!" The Greeks tell us of Phaeton who daringly took charge of the steeds of Apollo and, losing control, was hurled from the flaming sky. How far could the greatest of mortals direct the course of the universe? Like a hapless air-navigator plunging amid torn parachutes, sandbags and confused wreckage, fast enough into the jaws of death, he would even then, though nominally an atheist, cry aloud with a last effort: "O God, have mercy!" So natural it is for man to believe. Faith is common sense toward God.

Supposing a man, reading "Macbeth," would stop at the second act? Supposing you were to see Raphael's Madonna a third finished? Would it be well to pass judgment on the author, the

painter? I think not. Yet people seeing but the smallest section of the world's history—one line in a big volume, one leaf of the forest—question the intelligence of God. Are you able to see daily events through the horoscope of the Infinite? God who knows "the end from the beginning," who is now composing the mightiest drama ever composed —the drama of history—with little men and women as actors and actresses—God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform! And yet these human day-flies—creatures of a few hours—apply their measurements to the mind of the Eternal! We who cannot answer every day problems, such as the tariff question, or the value of vaccination; who are not certain whether a royal or a republican form of government is preferable; who cannot even explain how a red cow can eat green grass and produce white milk with yellow butter in it—we would prescribe a path to the Supreme Intelligence who rules the world! We may have attained great things in commercial progress and scientific investigations, but we surely lack the common sense uttered by Moses: "A thousand years before thee are but as one day," and by David: "When I behold the sun and the moon and the stars that Thou hast made, what is man that Thou art mindful of him?" What is the rational attitude toward God? Criticism? Denial? Defiance?

"Two travelers started on a tour
With trust and knowledge laden;
One was a man of mighty brain
And one a gentle maiden.
They joined their hands and vowed to be
Companions for a season;
The gentle maiden's name was faith,
The mighty man's was reason.
He digs around the mountain's base
And measures it with plummet;
She leaps it with a single bound
And stands upon the summit!"

By faith we walk. By faith we know. Faith is common sense toward God. "Lord, increase our faith!"

Faith is also the key to the human heart. Dean Swift said that humanity was the meanest vermin that ever crawled over the face of the earth. Mark Twain beholds the procession with melancholy cynicism: "They vanish from a world where they were of no consequence, where they have achieved nothing, where they were a mistake and a failure and a foolishness; where they have left no sign that they have existed." W. C. Brann sarcastically exclaims: "It was for this trifling biped, intent upon getting his goose-head above the foolish geese, that the Regent of the universe suffered ignominy and death."

Woe to the man who has lost faith in his brothers! I would rather perish in the sands of Sahara—no fountain to quench my thirst and no palm to offer shade—than to live in a world where all men appear as cultured curs and superbeasts. I agree with the modern dramatist who causes his leading character to exclaim: "Who gives me back my faith in humanity, will give me back my life!" I know that life looks sordid at times and utterly void of meaning. But one thing is certain. To search for the divine pearl in all the human ash-heaps is a generous and sublime labor!

Tennyson speaks of those who can "hear the lark within the songless egg." Who are they? They are men of faith. The old rooster may pass an egg and see nothing but an oval shell. But there is life within. Invisible to the eye, but powerfully real. "You are an egg and always will be an egg," says the cynic of the barnyard. But the unborn chick is picking its way to the sunlight. Onward forever and to the larger life! The shell breaks, the bird is free. Faith is justified. The best of life is yet to be, the last for which the first was made!

Just so we must look upon the human race. "It is not what man does that exalts him, but what man would do." Paul was a tanner. But when the crisis came, he revolutionized the world with

eloquence divine. Joan of Arc was a common shepherdess. But when opportunity knocked at the door, she rose to the grandeur of the Saints. Lincoln was a plain backwoodsman, but when God needed him, he strode like a giant from the narrow environment that held him captive. The greatness of man does not consist in what he is, but in what he is capable of being. Earth is a limited sphere. It is a cage, imprisoning the soul. Most people's possibilities have never been tried. The soul is a mighty harp with a thousand strings. But the task-master of environment plays only on one or two strings until we are wearied with life's monotony. "It does not yet appear what we shall be." Wait until the invisible hand of God will touch the hidden music. Magdalene rises from her scarlet misery and feels upon her fevered brow the morning air of eternity. The Prodigal drops his rags and, placing the purple around his shoulders, finds his way to the royal mansions of God. By prayer the Publican builds a ladder that leads to the Infinite. "Happy the man," says Carlyle, "who can look through the clothes of a man into the man himself and discern an inscrutable mystery in the meanest tinker that sees with eyes." To know humanity, you must have faith in humanity.

People have wondered at the recovery of France. The land which in '93 discarded the re-

ligion of Christ and placed a "nymph du pave" on the altar of Notre Dame, has dazzled the world with deeds of heroism and achievements of grandeur. The impression had gone abroad that morality was dead in the French Republic and faith a star extinct. But the Nineteenth Century gave to France a poet, who combining the eloquence of a Paul, the vision of St. John and the courage of Peter, revived the faculty of faith in his degenerate countrymen. This man was Victor Hugo. The value of his work consisted in his ability to discover pure gold in the dross of common humanity. He selects the lowliest types and reveals in them a spark divine. Fantine, the prostitute, rises to loftiest martrydom. Quasimodo, a half witted cripple and despised, lays down his life in the service of love. Jean Valjean, a criminal, mirrors the spirit of Christ. The merit of Hugo can never be overestimated. If new life has sprung from the soil of France, it is due to his thoughts of faith which like fertile seed were sown some fifty years ago and now have blossomed in a million flowers!

Aye, faith is the foundation of progress! Would you make your country great and strong? Would you like to see the United States survive the storm and stress of the age? We witness the whole world reeling like a drunken man! Do you know, why? Because we have put the emphasis

on **things.** We have belittled **men.** "The great cry which rises from our manufacturing cities, louder than their furnace blast, is all in very deed for this, that we manufacture there everything but men. We bleach cotton, and strengthen steel; we refine sugar and shape pottery, but to brighten, to strengthen, to refine or to form a single living spirit does not enter into our estimate of advantages." Is not John Ruskin right in his diagnosis of modern times? When Christ saw the multitude, he had "compassion" on them. He looked upon that ocean of souls, stirred by the whirlwind of passion, and like the golden moon attracting the tide, drew all men unto Himself. He has been called a great leveler. But he did not level down. He leveled up. He elevated men to a sense of their divinity. He touched the stony hearts, like Moses striking the rock, until running waters of life came gushing forth! He loved the human soul and in its depth he discovered pearls of hidden nobility.

By faith fell the walls of Jericho! By faith Paul conquered the philosophies of Greece and the antagonism of Rome! By faith the martyrs defied the lions in the Coliseum! By faith John saw the new Jerusalem over the wrecks of ancient civilization! By faith Livingstone defeated the infernal machinations of the slave trade! This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith. "Lord, increase our faith!"

Christ used this word with magic effect. The sick man took up his bed and walked. The lost woman arose and returned to purity. Peter bestrode the stormy billows. The thief on the cross saw the gates of Paradise. Today the appeal comes to you. Have faith! Pessimism builds no cities, plows no fields, revives no human wrecks. Infidelity means despair. To build, to achieve, to reconstruct we must have faith. Faith guided Columbus across the unknown seas. Faith led the pioneers to California's shore. Faith is the star that pilots the ship of progress.

There comes a time in every human life, when the shadows of doubt lie heavily on the soul. We see the specter of the past, the skulls and skeletons of empires that left no rack behind! Where is the glory that was Greece and the splendor that was Rome? Alexander, Caesar, Napoleon receding into oblivion. Poets like Aeschylus, thinkers like Spinoza, statesmen like Webster the grave claims them all! What of the billions of whose name history has left no trace? The omnivorous cemetery of time seems to swallow everything! What chance is there for you and me? We might as well give up! Like the day fly we have a few hours to dance over the glistening stream and then drop back into nothingness. Beware of such moods, my brother! They cripple our flight and darken our lives!

By Dr. Andreas Bard

No one can take your place. You came from the laboratory of God a new thought, a man inimitable and strictly copyrighted. Is not this inspiration? Does it not cause you to **have faith in yourself?** Surely if you will never be duplicated, you have a mission unique, a task especially carved out for you, adapted to your talent and individuality!

As you leave these halls of learning, memory raises her torch. Like Ulysses you are ready to confess: "Though much is taken, much abides." The pearls you gathered for head and heart are treasures which neither moth nor rust can corrupt. Gold may roll out of your hand, but ideas are faithful even unto death. With the wand of science you have opened the pages of the past and seen man ascending from brutal ignorance to the majesty of Shakesperian thought. With the telescope you have read the language of the stars. By the aid of history you have lived thousands of years and been a contemporary of the Pharaoh, the Platos, the Dantes and Keplers of every period. Literature has been the "Open-Sesame" to the Golcondas of musical thought. Homer has charmed you with the cradle song of civilization. You have wept with Dido, sighed with Sappho, laughed with Voltaire and mused with Milton. Looking at you with the physical eye, I see but moribund creatures

of flesh and blood. Looking at you with the spiritual eye, I see a whole ocean of immortal seeds beyond this vesture of clay! But though you were a veritable encyclopedia of knowledge, you need one thing more to complete your humanity. You need the inspiration of faith. Archimedes was the brainiest man of his time, but admitted that he lacked a "fulcrum." The "Wise" Men of the East looked for a star to guide them. The material may be gathered for the building of a great pyramid, but you must have the eye of the architect and see the apex, e'en ere you begin. Here is the place for Christianity. Jesus alone can illuminate life. Listen to him and you will understand not only yesterday, but tomorrow. "The whole Creation waiteth for the manifestation of the Sons of God." Did Huxley say this or Darwin or Gibbon or Voltaire? Nay, this is the statement of the Apostle of Faith! I care not how many volumes of Aristotle you have devoured, if life to you has no meaning, if history is but "a tale told by an idiot," if man is no more than a molecule, if all effort is but a bursting bubble and love a firefly o'er a bog—then you are poorer far than the humblest peasant who, though unlearned, believes that the Lord is his Shepherd and God his Almighty Friend! Paul's education would have left him stranded in oblivion. But when faith electrified his mind with glimpses of destiny, he wrote his name upon the hills that crumble not! This is

the message I would leave with you. Faith is a vision of truth, inspiring action. By faith we can uproot trees and remove mountains. By faith we can turn darkness into light, sins into stepping stones, death into victory. Take faith out of our nation and you have anarchy. Take it out of the home and you have an inferno. Take it out of history and you have a madman's dream; take it out of life and you have a nightmare. Take it out of commerce and you have a panic.

You are the representative youth of the State. Your education is vouched for. But it is not enough. I appeal to your brains and souls with a grand ideal. I direct this Mississippi of possibilities toward its destination. Use your advantages for the reconstruction of the world! This is a task worthy of your powers, commensurate with your grand opportunity. A great many people pray; "Thy kingdom come." But do you realize that you are called a "co-worker" with God? Let us not be hearers of the word, but doers! The Master has need of you! Some spend their days longing for heaven. I want you to create heaven on earth! Faith shows you the Promised Land. There will be no more penitentiaries. Instead of putting chains around the convict's wrist, we shall put light into his soul. Labor and Capital will co-operate as brothers. We shall hate no nation and prove that

the quality of mercy is not strained. Love will replace lust. Truth will rule in the sanctuary—the Publican stepping into light and the Pharisee receding into the shadow. Will you hasten this day? "Why call ye me 'Lord, Lord' and do not the things that I command you?"

The Dead Sea is putrid, because it receives from Jordan and returns nothing. "Freely ye have received, freely give!"

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